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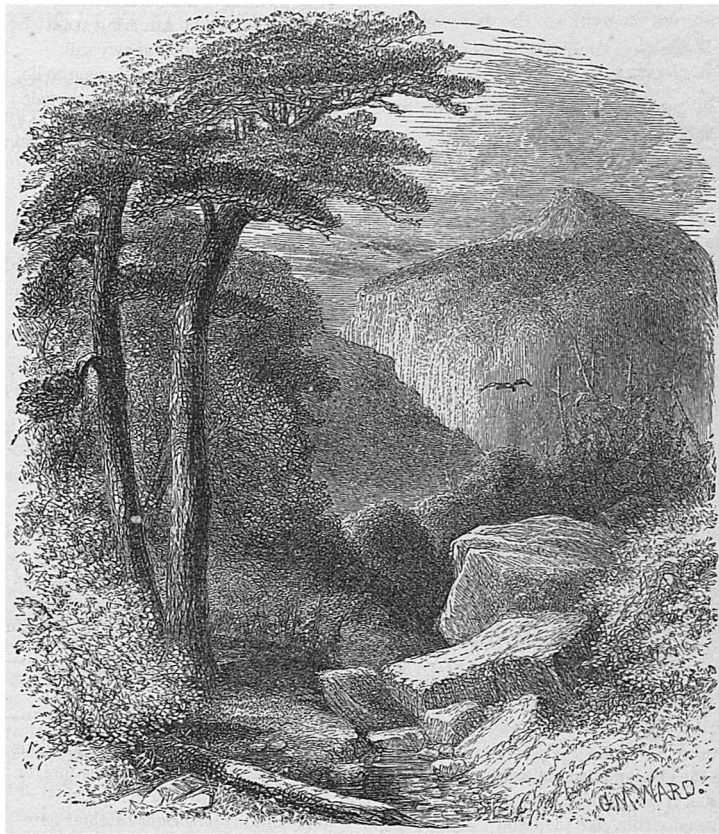
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POEMS, BY N. P. WILLIS.

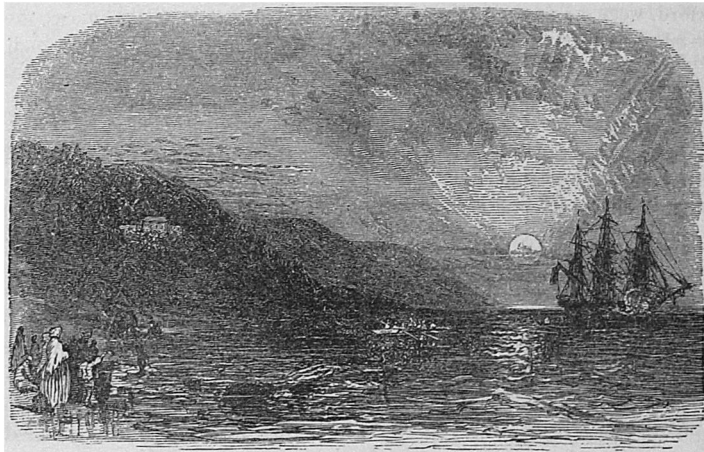
THE illustrated edition of Mr. Willis' poems, referred to at some length in our last, is completed. We find, in the closing pages, beautiful designs by the Morans, of Philadelphia, James Hamilton, of Philadelphia, Chas. Parsons, G. M. Ward, J. H. Howard, and others, of New-York. To render a record of this national work more complete, we are permitted, by the publishers, to transfer to our pages the designs contributed by the artists named. The first is that of G. M. Ward, of New-York, the second that of James Hamilton, of Philadelphia—both illustrative of the exquisite poem, "Birth-Day Verses." We quote:

"My birthday!—Oh beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

"My own I do not care to check.
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own,
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

"Four weary years! How looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes?
What trace of time has touched the brow
Whose look is borrowed of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?
How is she changed since he was there
Who sleeps upon her heart away—
Whose name upon her lips is worn—
For whom the night seems made to pray—
For whom she wakes to pray at morn—
Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,
Who weeps these tears—to think of her!

"I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wandered beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;



And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropped away—
But, as these looser leaves depart,
The lessened flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore—
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was
nursed.

"Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost—I am beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades
And finds the stars he found before—
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wan-
derer yet?

"Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hailed, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door,
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gained, and, slowly now,
The old familiar paths are passed,
And, entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy;
And, mother!—'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years—
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born!"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn!"



Charles Parsons, of New-York, reproduces the poem—"An extract from a poem delivered at the departure of the Senior Class of Yale College, in 1827"—in the beautiful manner above. The passage chosen is as follows:

"So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst Of his immortal nature; and he rends The rock for secret fountains, and pursues The path of the illimitable wind For mysteries—and this is human pride! There is a softer winding path through life, And man may walk it with unruffled soul, And drink its wayside waters till his heart Is stilled with its o'erflowing happiness. The chart by which to traverse it is writ In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have Attentive and believing faculties; To go abroad rejoicing in the joy Of beautiful and well-created things; To love the voice of waters, and the sheen Of silver fountains leaping to the sea; To thrill with the rich melody of birds, Living their life of music; to be glad In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm; To see a beauty in the stirring leaf. And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree, To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world! It is to linger on "the magic face Of human beauty," and from light and shade Alike to draw a lesson, 'tis to know The cadences of voices that are tuned By majesty and purity of thought; To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star Whose purity and distance make it fair;

And from the spell of music to awake, And feel that it has purified the heart! It is to love all virtue, like the light, Dear to the soul as sunshine to the eye; And when the senses and the mind are filled Like wells from these involuntary springs, It is to calm the trembling depths with prayer, That it may be but a reflected Heaven."

E. Moran, of Philadelphia, illustrates in the following design, the opening stanza of the poem "Lines on Leaving Europe." We give them:

"Bright flag at yonder tapering mast!
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!"

"The wind blows fair! the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,

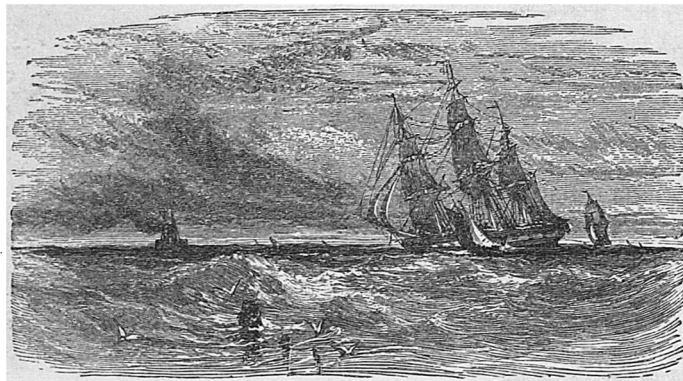
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And longed with breaking heart to flee
On cloud-like pinions o'er the sea!

"Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,—
My cheek once more is hot with joy—
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
Oh what has changed that traveller-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds
home!

"Adieu, oh soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven;
Those forms of beauty seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
Oh, still th' enamored sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!

"Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever;
And could I live for this alone—
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slaves can be—
Held not the West one glorious star
New-born and blazing for the free—
Soared not to heaven our eagle yet—
Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to
forget!

"Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air."





Felix O. C. Darley gives embodiment to the poets homely "Saturday Afternoon," in the above characteristic delineation. The poet's words are:

"I love to look on a scene like this, -

Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

"I have walked the world for fourscore years;

And they say that I am old,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I bide my time."
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

"Play on, play on; I am with you there,

In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall

"I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay."



J. H. Howard, of New-York, gives us the following powerful interpretation of one of the very finest of the poet's compositions—"Unseen Spirits." We may quote: -

"The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

"Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

"No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed away!"